

The Talk (Or Jim Hopper Playing Dad) by PeonyParty

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, just an exploration of the kids' puberty mkayy, no actual sexual content or anything inappropriate

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Relationships: Eleven & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

“Stupid.” She tells herself again. She’ll ask Hopper when he gets back. If sex is a better gift than a sweater, then she needs to know what it is. Because Christmas is very soon, and she wants to give Mike something very special.

Or how Hopper gives El the sex talk, and fails miserably.

The Talk (Or Jim Hopper Playing Dad)

Author's Note:

This is something I got inspired to write based on the premise that Eleven watched a lot of TV, and probably saw stuff that was slightly inappropriate. Also, I think it's interesting to imagine what Mike and Eleven going through puberty would be like. Especially with them being quite in love haha.

I'll probably continue this story in some capacity, so let me know what you think or give me some cute ideas to add in!

"You've been quite naughty this year," the man says, wrapping his arms around her waist. "It's lucky that this Santa prefers naughty girls." The woman laughs throatily, throws her head back to allow the man to kiss her neck.

"Should I expect a large gift in the morning, then?"

"Darling," he says, emerging from the crook of her neck. "You should be expecting a large gift tonight."

"Roger!" She exclaims pleasantly, allowing him to unbutton her blouse.

The television is barely audible in the silence of the night. But El can't sleep, and anything is better than letting her mind wander. Wander to her past, bitter and lonely. To Mike, who she sees only once a week under new rules. Thinking about him makes her feel warm. A strange heat that starts in her chest and spreads to every part of her body. Sometimes she feels comforted. Other times, restless and irritable.

Tonight, it's the irritable kind, and the television programme doesn't help. All that kissing and strange jokes. If that's what they are. She'll have to ask Hopper what most of it means in the morning.

For now, she drifts off to sleep. She's at home, decorating the Christmas tree in the corner of the living room with large, bright baubles. They look good enough to eat, and she hangs them on the

branches carefully, just as she'd seen someone else do it in a K-Mart commercial.

"Darling," someone says from behind her. She drops one of the baubles, watches it fall to the floor in slow motion. The floor seems so far below, and her anxiety grows as she waits for it to break. When it does, shards fly in every direction, the noise deafening.

She turns around with a sharp inhale.

"Mike?"

"You've been a naughty girl," He says in a voice that is not his. His arms snake around her, pulling her towards him. Her skin feels hot where he touches her, hands pressing against her waist, roaming along her spine and curling around her shoulders. Mike dips his head, hovering just above the crook of her neck, his hair brushing against her skin. When his mouth makes contact, she's so out of breath that she wakes up.

"What's wrong, kid?" Hopper asks at breakfast. El's face falls.

"Nothing." she says.

"Not nothing." He presses. "Are you missing your friends?"

"Yes, but—"

"They can come visit tomorrow. But only if you do your studying first."

"Yes, okay." El says. "Thank you."

Focusing on schoolwork is difficult when she can't get the dream out of her head. The baubles, the Christmas tree, Darling, Mike, the way he touched her. It replays over and over until she slams her dictionary shut.

"Stupid." She says, rubbing her face in an attempt to rid her mind of the imagery. Wants to talk to Hopper about it, but it doesn't feel right. He gets moody and irritable when she shows any type of affection for Mike.

"You mean you had sex with Adam?" The girl slams her locker door shut.

"Susan, stop making it a big deal." The other replies, looking at her nails with great interest. "It was his birthday present."

"You couldn't get him a sweater or something?"

"This was way better than a sweater." She says, smiling. "Besides, he's my boyfriend. I'm allowed to have sex with him if I want."

Sex (seks)

noun

1. Male and female. Group of species divided according to the function they have in producing young.
2. Physical activity between people involving the sexual organs.

Eleven slams the dictionary shut for the second time. She's miffed and confused, and why don't these night-television shows explain what they're talking about in the first place.

"Stupid." She tells herself again. She'll ask Hopper when he gets back. If sex is a better gift than a sweater, then she needs to know what it is. Because Christmas is very soon, and she wants to give Mike something very special.

Hopper dribbles beer all over himself. "What?" he says, wiping his beard with the back of his hand.

El looks at him, eyebrows furrowed. His reaction is more extreme than she'd expected and now it makes her uncomfortable.

"What is sex?"

"Where'd you hear this?" He asks. "Don't tell me. I'll kill that kid."

"On television." She says. "It's the best birthday present."

Hopper takes a deep breath, rubs his eyes in frustration. "Look El. Those shows are not for kids."

She tilts her head.

"Didn't think I'd be giving the talk anytime soon. But no time like the present, right?" He chuckles awkwardly.

"The talk?"

"Okay," He claps and rubs his hands in preparation. "Sex is a physical activity you do with someone when you are married. And much much older."

"Physical activity?"

"Don't get too hung up on terms," Hopper says. "It's like, kissing while doing aerobics."

El grimaces unpleasantly.

"It's the best birthday present?" She asks.

"No." He says. "It's not a present, El. It's...it's something men and women do when they love each other."

"Boyfriend and girlfriend?"

"Yes." Hopper says, then stops himself. "No. Not boyfriend and girlfriend. Only wife and husband. Mom and dad."

Eleven groans. "I don't understand."

"It's an activity that two adults do when they love each other romantically and are married. It's not a present, El."

"I love Mike." She says plainly.

Hopper sighs. "Yes, but you're both 14. You're not adults. And you're not married."

"But the girl on television said sex is a better present than a sweater. And with a boyfriend."

"You really shouldn't be watching TV that late."

She looks at him.

"Okay, you know what kid? I'll get Mrs. Byers to explain it to you."

If Eleven thought that knowing what she was watching on television would stop her strange dreams, she was wrong.

There she is again, in Mike's basement this time. And there he is, looking nothing like the real Mike. But she knows it's him, and it's an eternity of waiting before he kisses her. And then he's unbuttoning her flannel shirt, and as she looks down, there's nothing but darkness. A swirling black hole where her chest should be. It grows larger and expands out of her until it swallows him whole. She wakes up, breathing hard.

"Will told me you were at his house yesterday." Mike says, pulling at the fibres of the carpet. They're sitting cross-legged on the floor, the light of the fireplace dancing on their faces playfully. "Is everything okay?"

"Yes." Eleven says plainly. "Mrs. Byers was giving me the talk."

"The talk?"

"About sex." El says. Not a second passes before Mike's face is deep red.

"Will's mom gave you the talk?"

She nods. "Hopper tried, but he's very bad."

Mike groans. "My mom gave me the talk too. Before the Snow Ball."

"Why?"

"Because she's worried you and I are going to do it."

"Do sex?"

Mike inhales sharply. "Yeah, have sex. She says we're way too young."

"Are we?"

"I guess so." He says. "Either way, I don't really wanna do it. It

sounds kind of gross.”

“Yes.” El agrees. “Very gross.”

Mike looks at the ground again. The silence is heavy and uncomfortable.